THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

Through the kindneſs of a friend, I am oured with the following extract from journal of a young man, written, I be-ve, about three years ago. Should you m it worthy, you are at liberty to inſert your uſeful paper. N.

July 31st, 1806.

"As I am purſuing my journey, not y from place to place, but alſo through I conſider it neceſſary, occaſionally to e obſervations on the ſtate of ſociety. Thus far have I traverſed the world, aceful ſpectator of its virtues and its s: while endeavouring to attain the ner, I have profited by the experience others, in ſteering clear of the latter. rly all men appear to be aiming alike ne object, the accumulation of wealth medium of happineſs. Various, in-d, are the paths they tread: but how-r hidden, ſtill wealth will be found to the deſire even of the moſt virtuous. tendency of this purſuit, to draw the d from its more important engagements, bvious on the leaſt reflection.

"Few have I found ſufficiently philo-hical, to deny themſelves the vain plea-s of the world.

"In this age, the influence of the fair-on ſociety, in ſoftening the ruſticity of nners, is ſaid to be peculiarly viſible. we ſhould enquire, whether this is ly the caſe; and whether any ſolid be-t reſults from the preſent mode of ſocial rcourſe between the ſexes. To know to appear in company to advantage, t is called, is the aim of every man that the leaſt claim to politeneſs. Inſtead hat natural eaſe and ſimplicity, which he has always appeared moſt agreeable conſiſtent, he muſt poſſeſs a falſe re-ment, not only in manners but in con-ation. A knowledge of novels and of plays, ſeems to announce the man of learning; and to converſe on them with fluency, is one ingredient in the compoſition of a *polite* gentleman. Theſe, alas! are too often the ſubjects of converſation in our moſt brilliant circles. Theſe light and imaginary trifles, together with that of dreſs, afford matter for a whole evenings amuſement. They have triumphed over reaſon and ſound ſenſe, and aſſumed their throne. Nothing, ſurely, can be more deteſtable, than to find dreſs and faſhion introduced as ſubjects of converſation in a large company; as it proves either the airy bent of the mind, or its incapacity for more rational entertainment. But that *man* ſhould ſtudy faſhion, and acquire the knowledge requiſite to enable him to join in ſuch converſation, is ſtill more deteſtible. This we muſt attribute to the influence of the fair ſex. Yet are we told, that female ſociety is neceſſary to ſoften our manners, and to cleanſe us of our ruſticity, but what real advantage can poſſibly reſult from it, under ſuch circumſtances? Do we feel greater, or better, from being able to deſcant on Dreſs, or on Novels and Plays? Or are we not rather aſhamed that we ſhould eſteem theſe trifles? No,—it is all neceſſary, becauſe agreeable to our female companions; and our happineſs conſiſts in pleaſing them. Our ideas muſt conform to theirs; our manners and converſation muſt be agreeble to their taſte, or we ſhould poſſeſs *no influence:* ſuch is the abſurdity of the age; an abſurdity which would almoſt diſgrace the luxury of Rome, ſtill more the ſimplicity of America. Here, then, we ſee the ſpring of that unbounded influence, which the fair ſex have on ſociety. A great writer has obſerved, that Rome firſt began to totter, when thoſe laws were repealed, which preſerved the ſimplicity of her daughters, by preventing extravagance of dreſs. The barrier, once thrown down, could not be again raiſed; becauſe, thoſe whoſe duty it was to have prevented the fall, were cruſhed by it. I am far from aiming theſe obſervations indiſcriminately at the fair ſex, of whom, I am one of the greateſt admirers: ſhould they ever be made public, they can only affect thoſe who are the objects of them.

"The virtues of the age are not extraordinary. Some men, indeed, are virtuous; but, alas! how many vicious. Their vices are not of a nature to be reſtrained by law, but ſuch as are intimately connected with the heart, and can be corrected only by religion and morality.

"As to myſelf, much condeſcenſion and much patience, have I found neceſſary, to enſure a tolerably eaſy paſſage thus far through the world. We muſt give way to others, while at the ſame time we preſerve that ſteadineſs of conduct, which will ſecure us from their ſcorn. The paths of this world are difficult to trace, as the characters of its inhabitants are various; but we muſt puſh on, endeavouring to follow the commands of reaſon and religion; which, united with contentment, will promote our greateſt earthly happineſs."

For the Evening Fire-side.

Sweet Pity: nymph of penſive eye,
To drooping ſorrow dear,
Thou mov'ſt affection's inmoſt ſigh—
Thou ſtream'ſt the lucent tear.
Crown'd with thy melancholy wreath,
Some weeping cypreſs ſhade beneath,
Imagination's view;
Beholds thee bending o'er diſtreſs,
While, emblems true of tenderneſs,
Lay ſcattered leaves of yew.

Thy looks expreſs, the ſoul to feel,
And love devoid of guile;
The wiſh the wounded heart to heal,
With conſolation's ſmile.
O may thy balm be ſtill my lot,
And yet there are who heed thee not,
The ſordid and the vain;
To ev'ry fine ſenſation loſt,
By every idle paſſion toſt,
That lurk in pleaſure's train.

Ah me! when cares in terror dreſt,
The tender mind annoy;
How ſweet to give the feeling breaſt,
The pleaſing trill of joy!

How sweet to seek the lowly cot,
Where modest worth, by pride forgot,
Pines 'neath oppressive woe:
How sweet to fix its proper sphere,
And see its nobleness appear,
With emulative glow.

Then learn ye wealthy, learn to feel;
Let Pity's voice prevail;
Nor prove your hearts of harden'd steel,
At humble sorrow's tale:
Though Fortune has to you been kind,
Reflect how many a gentle mind,
Represt by want and shame;
Feels disappointment's sharpest stings;
Then lend your aid and give them wings,
To trace the paths of Fame.

H.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE GLEANER: NO. VI.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."
POPE.

One of the wiſeſt of men, who no doubt, was well acquainted with human nature, and knew by experience and obſervation, how beneficial a good education was to the intereſts of ſociety, delivered it as an important truth, that if "a child is trained up in the way he ſhould go, he will not be likely to depart from it when he is old." And we find that men of the beſt underſtanding in moſt ages and countries, have inculcated the ſame ſentiment: and, putting the precept in practice, they have exhibited to the world's view, a demonſtration, ſufficiently occular and clear, to evince its propriety. It is obſerved that ideas imprinted on the mind in early life, prove the moſt laſting; and are removed with the greateſt difficulty. The tempers of children, being pliant and ſoft, are ſubject to receive almoſt any impreſſions. How highly neceſſary then, that ſuch as have the care of them, ſhould endeavour by inſtruction and example to inſtil into their minds correct ideas of life, and teach them thoſe things which they ought to practice in maturer age. As the choaking of the fountain is the eaſieſt way to cut off the courſe of the river; ſo is it infinitely eaſier to prevent ill habits than to maſter them. The extravagances of a vicious life we may obſerve, are generally nothing but the more conſummated follies and diſorders of either a miſtaught or neglected youth:—and the public outrages of a deſtroying tyranny and oppreſſion, what are they but the effect of childiſh appetites let alone till they become ungovernable? This being the caſe, it behoves all lovers of their country, all who are deſirous to promote the welfare of the community, and the good of mankind, early "to ſeaſon the young mind with the maxims of wiſdom;—to watch the bent of the inclination of children; to ſet them right in their youth; and ſuffer no evil habit to gain ſtrength with their years."

It ſhould be conſidered too, that we have the ſeeds of virtue in us, as well as of vice; and whenever we take a wrong bias, it is not out of a moral incapacity to do better, but for want of a careful management and diſcipline to ſet us right at firſt.

O.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

From eastern skies, the mighty sire of day,
Begins his journey up the ethereal way,
Half veil'd in mists: but, as he mounts the sky,
Before his conquering beams the vapours fly.
The dusky legions o'er the earth retreat,
And fix far in the west their gloomy seat:
In ten-fold splendor then, and purity,
He shines, and all his native dignity.
Thus fares the man, by virtuous impulse led,
The paths of peace and happiness to tread;
Religion for his guide to realms on high,
Where in the blaze of boundless majesty,
Glory unspeakable, and love unknown,
Which ever more surround the empyreal throne;
The great Creator reigns, supreme! alone!
He, man, the highest, save the Angelic race,
At first created; and, in boundless grace
And love unmerited, taught him to know,
The fountain whence his consolations flow;

Though oft his morning is with clouds o'erspread,
Though oft the tempest roars around his head,
Distress attends him, when the silent night
spreads her dark wings; or when returning light,
Bursts from the orient, and o'er nature plays,
Awaking beauty, melody and praise.
His mind, superior to the ills of fate,
Looks forward to a far more glorious state,
Wherein the Sun of Righteousness divine,
Without an intervening cloud shall shine:
When far and wide the intellectual day,
Shall o'er his soul its gradual beams display,
And all the opposing clouds be driven away.

S. S.

Philad. 7th mo. 29th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PEDLAR: NO. III.

The obſerver of human nature can eaſily diſcover, that fame and the love of praiſe, are powerful motives that govern the actions of the generality of mankind. Each one feels a propenſity to ſignalize himſelf by ſome performance, that may procure him the applauſe of his cotemporaries and tranſmit his name to poſterity. Whether this deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations yet unborn, with honour which we cannot receive, produces more happineſs than miſery, the *Pedlar* is unable to determine. But, it is unqueſtionably an abſurdity, for man to govern his actions by the hope of that which is only to exiſt when he is in the duſt. He ought to reflect that after death, the account muſt pass on his actions, and not upon the report of others. This would teach him to look upon the vain titles of fame, as mere trifles and as "empty bubbles of the deep." A certain eminent writer ſpeaking of the paſſion of fame ſays "it is nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, a flame kindled by pride and fanned by folly." Let him therefore that purſues the "airy phantom," liſten to what Boetius ſays:—

"He that seeks to gain a glorious prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view the expanded skies,
And earth's contracted ball,
Then blush to think that glory's plan,
Is bounded by the breath of man."

Y.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO TACITURNITY.

To TACITURNITY I'm much indebted,
Which gratitude now prompts me to acknowledge
Though over studies, dry I never sweated,
Nor took degree, at celebrated college.

Though ignorant I never strove to show it,
And TACITURNITY kept things so quiet,
That no one knew but what I was a poet,
For years before I even dar'd to try it.

And after I began to make words gingle,
Although mankind of censure are not sparing;
With snarling critics I could safely mingle,
And seem to hear their strictures without care.

And why? 'Twas TACITURNITY alone,
That sav'd the poet in this dreadful case;
Who never speaks—his secrets are his own,
And if disgrac'd—how private his disgrace.

Tho' what I've said, and now am going to say,
I'm sensible's a sort of defamation,
Against the volatile, verbose and gay,
And all the *loveliest part* of the creation.

How often have I spent a *vacant* hour,
With some rever'd and sympathizing brother,
(Who felt with me its talk-subduing pow'r)
Without exchanging thoughts with one another.

And *sometimes*, with a sweet enchanting lass,
I've pass'd an hour, and never wagg'd my tongue
Know ye, who wonder how this came to pass,
I stepp'd in Wisdom's ways when I was young.

Some, like to hear a half a dozen misses,
Gabble at once, and join them in the clatter,
And think that sociability like this, is
Better than *dear dumb show*—'tis no such matter!

For if in thought, or word, we must transgress;
If we must speak, or think ill of our neighbour;
In thinking, all will own the sin is less,
Besides the saving of a deal of labour.

I pity those who in mischievous freak,
Express their thoughts, either by words or winking;
'Tis better far, to think and never speak,
Than 'tis to speak without maturely thinking.

May all the world come under its dominion,
Its usefulness to me seems past expression;
It almost supercedes, in my opinion,
The scarcest article on earth—

DISCRETION.

For the Evening Fire-side.

To the Editors.

A periodical publication, if composed of materials, which, in pleasing the mind will improve it, must of course be advantageous, not only to the present generation, but containing matter of intrinsic value, will be handed down to posterity, and reflect an honorable lustre on our age. The Evening Fire-side, a paper containing many good pieces of modern composition, is nevertheless, not so replete therewith, as to entitle it to the first rank of literary publications. Perhaps the Editors did not arrogate this idea to themselves in their design of it; but rather intended it a medium for the encouragement of literary pursuits, and the exertion of those abilities, which would, without doubt, were there here not such a means provided, remain obscure. In assuming this idea of it, I conceive all lovers of improvement, ought to bestow their mite; more particularly attending to original productions; as it is by these, a just opinion of the literary state of a nation is to be attained. In selections, here may be a judgment represented, from which, some idea of a person's capacity or understanding, or his opinion, may be deduced: yet re-publication, I think, ought generally to be avoided, as we cannot expect to derive much advantage from them: and yet I am not opposed to all selection, but to have the principle constituent of this description:—not that I am about to attach such a thing to the Editors, which would be a great digression from the original intention of the publication. But as indigence gladly receives any thing to prevent absolute penury, so, possibly, the Editors from the scanty provision of the box, may be necessarily obliged to substitute selections. But to understand my allusion respecting re-publication, let us advert to the progress of science through the various ages of mankind: had those of the few last centuries, not exerted their abilities, but contented themselves with acquiring the knowledge of their predecessors, what would have been the state of science in this day? What would have been our conception of many natural appearances? Avert to Aristotle; not having ability, by the exertion of the powers of his mind, from the uncultivated state of science in that age, to account for the phenomena of the tides throwing himself into the sea. View the ancients, almost petrified with fear on seeing an eclipse, which we now with so much pleasure look upon. The various grades of human understanding is yet unexplored; science is not yet perfected. There is yet concealed, under the veil of ignorance, knowledge. Within the sphere of intellectual attainment Philosophy, the apex of human understanding, discloses itself yet imperfect; not completely matured, the subjects for its advancement are numerous. It corrects itself by progression, and will direct to that most advantageous to itself. But in taking a view of science perfected in philosophy, let us not forget the design of it; is it not wisely calculated, (being deduced by human art from nature's works) to inspire with gratitude to the Almighty creator of all things, physical and obscure. It also instructs to the most perfect morality; and shall I not say, fits men for a happy translation to a world of superior bliss. I know many refuse engaging in the profound science of metaphysics, because they apprehend it leads the mind from God their Creator, to whom their existence belongs. Not daring to condemn this as false, without alledging sufficient reasons: and even those I have advanced, are left to the decision of the unprejudiced. The comparison of things with things, or abstract reasoning being just, is happily calculated to advance science. Now it is by contemplating sensible objects, or natural things, which are the performance of Almighty God, we derive our animal knowledge, the rudiments of understanding; and is it not advancing in understanding, we attain philosophy? If therefore, philosophy is the natural result of the contemplation of nature's works, then the relation perceived in sensible things, extended to things obscure, must determine the subject in my favour. To define this matter, what are the impressions made on the mind in reading an author of distinguished merit? Do we not feel excited thereby sensations of esteem, which did not exist previous to the perusal? If therefore, this respect for an author, originates by reading his works, then by comparing this with the study of nature, persons who are best acquainted with nature's works, must have the least veneration for their author, on the contrary.—But to return to the subject, (from which I have digressed, from a wish to promote science, by the study of creation.) Those few instances which I have stated, from among the many that might be brought forth, contrasted with the present state of science, sufficiently shew the advantage that attends the exertion of our faculties.

Za.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Here, far retired from the world's confusion,
The walks of envy, and the haunts of spleen;
Free from pert Folly's,—or from Care's intrusion,
I love to mingle in the social scene.

No midnight revels, here disturb the shade,
The heart's corruptor, and the bane of health!
No vows are here, to fickle fashion paid,
Nor bends the knee before the shrine of wealth.

Here Friendship, soothing pow'r, with angel smiles,
And lips that drop, the balm of hybla's store;
Each rankling sorrow of the soul beguiles,
And calms the mind to peace, unfelt before.

Here, ardent love constructs his silken band,
With tender cords of mutual sympathy;
And while he takes young pleasure by the hand,
Fair innocence inspires the social glee.

Here, bland content of mild and placid mien,
With equal hand restrains each wild desire—
And while he bids the spirits flow serene,
Far from the soul the fiends of spleen retire.

But while my raptur'd fancy paints this scene,
A sigh, involuntary speaks regret!
The time may come, when I may seek in vain,
The tranquil pleasures of this lov'd retreat.

Events obscur'd beneath that dusky veil,
Which hides the secrets of futurity;
May call me from these scenes, I love so well,
To roam on busy life's tumultuous sea.

May spread the baneful cypress funeral shade,
Where now the grove displays a livelier green!
May number all among the silent dead,
Who now are wont to lead the sprightly train!

Yet fancy often shall recall again,
The pleasing forms of friends, so blithe and gay:
And faithful mem'ry, ever shall retain,
The tender thought of pleasures past away.

S———y.

August 1st, 1806.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

FROM THE AMERICAN LETTERS.

Deſcription of St. Peter's Church at Rome.

(Continued.)

The drum of the Dome is ornamented by coupled pilaſters, between the windows, upon the continued baſement of which, are Cherubs, ſupporting feſtoons.

Returning to the paſſage you turn to the right or left, for the avenues are double; and wind round the imperceptible circle, between an outer and an inner wall, until you come to a ſpiral ſtair-caſe, by which you mount perpendicularly fifty feet higher; and enter another gallery, within the Dome—juſt under the ſpring of the vault.

From this elevated ſcaffold, you can perceive the coarſeneſs of the moſaic cubes, with which are formed the gigantic Figures of the concave; and you may thruſt your hands into a gaping fiſſure—inviſible from below.

You now aſcend, diametrically, by unequal ſteps, practiſed between the inner and outer coping of the vault.

At the ſummit of the Dome, blind windows occaſionally open into the Lanthorn, itſelf a cupola, twenty feet diameter, and fifty high.

From this ſtupendous elevation—little leſs than three hundred and fifty feet, if you venture to look down upon the pavement, the proceſſions paſſing, to and fro, upon the chequered floor, remind you of ants upon a mole-hill; and ſo contracted, in this bird's-eye view, is the perſpective of the well of the Dome, that you miſtruſt, with apprehenſion, the perpendicularity of the walls, and ſuſpect the ſufficiency of the leſſening pillars to ſupport the ſuperincumbent maſs.

A ruſhing wind ſets conſtantly from below, whenever theſe windows are opened; and you gladly mount ten feet higher, to the outer gallery of the lanthorn, from which you behold Rome at your feet, and ſtretch your eye over the deſerted plains of the Campagnia, to the Appenines, on one ſide, and the Mediterranean, on the other.

Here you aſcend, fifty feet higher, by another flight of narrow ſteps, turned within one of the pillared butments which ſupport the lanthorn, barely wide enough to admit a ſingle perſon at a time.

This winding paſſage lands you on the floor of a conical chamber, directly over the centre of the Dome, from which you paſs into the upper gallery of the Cupola, or aſcend, by a perpendicular ladder, into the hollow of the Ball.

Within this brazen globe, a Man of ſix feet high, may ſtretch out his arms, or ſtand on tiptoe, while through accidental crevices in the beaten copper, he perceives the tremendous height, at which he is ſoaring in the air.

It takes ten minutes to deſcend from this ſtupendous elevation; and when you emerge from its dark paſſages, and winding ſtairways, you are glad to find yourſelf, once more, upon the ſurface of the earth.

* * *

Such is this unrivalled Monument of Modern art, which bears no marks of age, or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building, by the hands of twenty different Architects.

Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450, it was carried on by Bramanto, under Paul II. and Julius II. by Sangallo, and Peruzzi, under Leo X. and by Michael Angelo, who moulded the immenſe concavity of the Dome, under Paul III. though he died, before it was finiſhed, by Fontana, under the pontificate of Sixtus V.

Succeeding Popes, and ſucceeding Architects, ſucceſſively added the leſſer Domes, the Portico, the Piazzas, and the Veſtry; intermediately ornamenting the Interior, with braſs and marble; and gradually ſecuring the Paintings from the corroſive touch of Time, by incorporating them with the walls in everlaſting moſaic.

* * *

Excluſive of the Dome, and Piazzas, the Body of St. Peter's Church is twice as long, twice as broad, and twice as high, as the temple of Jupiter Olympius—one of the Seven Wonders of Antiquity, that ſtill exhibits to the wondering Traveller, ſilent, and ſolitary, Porticoes, ſtretching over the proſtrate plains of Greece.

St. Paul's at London, the only Edifice of Modern times with which it can be worthily compared, does not incloſe within its vaſt vacuities—including its Porticoes, its Turrets, and its Dome, one fourth part of the cubic ſquare of St. Peter's—the Corridors of which would encompaſs Ludgate Hill; and the Crowd of Fleet Street—roaring with cars and coaches, might ruſh on, under cover of the circling Piazzas, as far as Temple-Bar.*

It requires a quarter of an hour to wa round this magic circle. Its circumferen cannot therefore be eſtimated at leſs than mile. Seven times as much would now e circle the growing Metropolis of the Uni ed States; and the materials of all its Pu lic Buildings, though they conveniently a commodate the buſineſs, the pleaſures, an the devotions of ſeventy thouſand Peopl would be inſufficient to create ſuch anoth Edifice as the Cathedral of St. Peter's. "The moſt glorious Structure (ſays an el quent Hiſtorian) that has ever been devot to the purpoſes of Religion.

* * *

The moſt rigid Diſſenter from the mo rigid Proteſtants, that have ſeparated them ſelves from the corruptions of the Romi Apoſtacy, might feel ſome fluſhes of enthu ſiaſm at the ſight of a Chriſtian Temple more glorious than that of Solomon—l long the admiration of the Choſen People—however convinced that *the heart of man the Temple of the Lord*; and that a *contri Spirit*—the offering of the Goſpel, is a mo acceptable Sacrifice than *thouſands of Ram or tens of thouſands of Rivers of Oil.*

The moſt frugal Moraliſt among the Reformed Societies that attempt (wit whatever ſucceſs) to reduce their practic to the humble ſtandard of Primitive Simpl city, might hear, without regret, of th uncounted Millions beſtowed by Leo th Tenth upon this ſplendid Edifice, ſince i was the unlimited ſale of indulgences, oc caſioned by this laviſh expenditure, tha gave riſe to the declamations of Luther an Calvin, againſt the impoſitions of the Pap Antichriſt.

Every Profeſſor of Chriſtianity—tradi tional, or conſcientious—whether his creed adopts the ſign for the Subſtance, or th Subſtance for the ſign, muſt turn wit complacency—perhaps with veneratio from Temples dedicated to voluptuous De ities, and exterminating Heroes, to a Churc of which the foundations were laid in th Fourth Century—by the Survivors of th Tenth Perſecution—for the worſhip of meek, and ſelf-denying Saviour!

THE FEMALE GRAMMARIAN.

"A kiss," ſaid young Charles, "is a *noun*, we allow
"But tell me my dear is it *proper* or *common*."
Lovely Hannah blush'd deep, and exclaim'd, "Why
I vow,
"I think that a kiss is both *proper* and *common*."

* Travellers have frequently remarked, as a fault, the monotonous ſimplicity of the Front of St. Peters; and they have compared it, with derogation, to the variegated Façade of St. Paul's—overlooking the ſublime idea of Paul V. and Charles Maderne, to render the Cathedral of Chriſtendom a Monument of Chriſt and his Apoſtles. This obliged them to divid the Frontiſpiece by a regular intercolumniation, upo the twelve Piers of which ſhould ſtand the twelv Apoſtles—thus emphatically indicated as the Pillar of the Church.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Of the Beaver.

This animal poſſeſſes all the friendly diſpoſitions fit for ſociety, without any of the vices or misfortunes attendant upon it; formed by nature for ſocial life, he is endued with an inſtinct adapted to it, for the preſervation and propagation of his ſpecies; this animal, whoſe tender plaintive accents, and whoſe ſtriking example draws tears of admiration and pity from the humane philoſopher who contemplates his life and manners; this harmleſs animal, who never hurts any living creature, who is neither carnivorous, ſanguinary, nor oppreſſive, is become the object of man's moſt earneſt purſuit, and the prey, which the ſavages hunt after with the greateſt eagerneſs and cruelty: a circumſtance owing to the unmerciful rapaciouſneſs of the moſt poliſhed nations of Europe.

The beaver is about three or four feet long, and is ſo thick, that his weight amounts to forty or ſixty pounds, which is the conſequence of the largeneſs of his muſcles. His head, which he carries downwards, is like that of a rat, and his back raiſed in an arch above it like that of a mouſe. Lucretius has obſerved, that man has hands given him, not that he might make uſe of them, but that he had hands given him, and has made uſe of them. Thus the beaver has webs at his hinder feet, and he ſwims with them. The toes of his fore-feet are ſeparate, and anſwer the purpoſe of hands, the tail, which is flat, oval, and covered with ſcales, he uſes by way of a hod and trowel; he has four ſharp inciſor teeth, which ſerve him inſtead of carpenters tools. All theſe inſtruments, which are in a manner uſeleſs whilſt he lives alone, and do not then diſtinguiſh him from other animals, are of infinite ſervice when he lives in ſociety, and enable him to diſplay a degree of ingenuity ſuperior to all inſtinct.

Without paſſions, without a deſire of doing injury to any, and without craft, when he does not live in ſociety, he ſcarcely ventures to defend himſelf. He never bites unleſs he is catched. But in the ſocial ſtate, in lieu of weapons and malice, he has a variety of contrivances to ſecure himſelf without fighting, and to live without committing or ſuffering any injury. This peaceable and even tame animal is nevertheleſs independent; he is a ſlave to none, becauſe all his wants are ſupplied by himſelf: he enters into ſociety, but will not ſerve, nor does he pretend to command: and all his labours are directed by a ſilent inſtinct.

It is the common want of living and multiplying that calls the beavers home, and collects them together in ſummer to build their towns againſt winter. As early as June or July, they come in from all quarters, and aſſemble to the number of two or three hundred; but always by the water-ſide, becauſe theſe republicans are to live on the water to ſecure themſelves from invaſion. Sometimes they give the preference to ſtill lakes in unfrequented diſtricts, becauſe there the waters are always at an equal height. When they find no pools of ſtanding water, they make one in the midſt of rivers or ſtreams; this they do by means of a cauſeway or dam. The mere planning of this contrivance implies ſuch a complication of ideas, as our ſhort-ſighted reaſon would be apt to think above any capacity but that of an intelligent being; and were it not for the dread of fire in this world and in the other, a Chriſtian would believe or affirm, that the beaver has a ſpiritual ſoul, and that the ſoul of man is only material. The firſt thing to be erected is a pile a hundred feet long, and twelve feet thick at the baſis, which ſhelves away to two or three feet in a ſlope, whoſe declivity and height correſpond anſwerable to the depth of the waters. To ſave work, or to facilitate their labour, they chooſe the narroweſt and ſhalloweſt part of the river. If they find a large tree by the water-ſide, they fell it in ſuch a manner as it may fall acroſs the ſtream. If it ſhould be larger in circumference than a man's body, they ſaw it through, or rather gnaw the foot with their four ſharp teeth. The branches are ſoon lopped off by theſe induſtrious workmen, who want to faſhion it into a beam. A multitude of leſſer trees are felled and cut into equal pieces for the intended pile. Some drag theſe trees to the river ſide, others ſwim over with them to the place where the cauſeway is to be raiſed. But the queſtion is, how theſe animals are to ſink them in the water, with the aſſiſtance only of their teeth, a tail and feet: and the following is the manner in which they contrive to execute it. With their nails they dig a hole in the ground, or at the bottom of the water. With their teeth they reſt the large end of the ſtake againſt the bank of the river, or againſt the great beam that lies acroſs. With their feet they raiſe the ſtake, and ſink it with the ſharp end downwards into the hole, where it ſtands upright. With their tails they make mortar, with which they fill up all the vacancies between the ſtakes, which are bound together with twiſted boughs; and thus the pile is conſtructed. The ſlope of the dam is oppoſite the current, the better to break the force of the water by a gradual reſiſtance, and the ſtakes are driven in obliquely, in proportion to the inclination of the plane. The ſtakes are planted perpendicularly on the ſide where the water is to fall; and in order to open a drain which may leſſen the action of the ſlope and weight of the cauſeway, they make two or three openings at the top of it, by which part of the waters of the river may run off.

When this work is finiſhed by the whole body of the republic, every member conſiders of a lodging for himſelf. Each company builds a hut in the water upon the pile. Theſe huts are from four to ten feet diameter, upon an oval or round incloſure. Some are two or three ſtories high, according to the number of families or houſeholds. Each hut contains at leaſt two or three, and ſome ten or fifteen. The walls, whether high or low, are about two feet thick, and are all arched at the top, and perfectly neat and ſolid both within and without. The outſide is varniſhed with a kind of ſtucco, impenetrable both to the water and to the external air. Every apartment has two openings, one on the land-ſide to enable them to go out and fetch proviſions, the other on that next the ſtream, to facilitate their eſcape from the approach of the enemy, that is, of man the deſtroyer of cities and commonwealth. The window of the houſe opens to the water. There they take the benefit of the freſh air in the day time, plunged in the river up to their middle. In winter it ſerves to fence them againſt the ice, which gathers to the thickneſs of two or three feet. The ſhelf, which is to prevent its ſtopping up this window, reſts upon two ſtakes that ſlope in ſuch a manner as may beſt carry off the water from the houſe, and leave an outlet to creep through, or to go and ſwim under the ice. The inſide of the houſe has no other furniture than a flooring of graſs, covered with the boughs of the fir-tree. No filth of any kind is ever ſeen in theſe apartments.

The materials for theſe buildings are always the produce of the neighbour fields. Theſe are alders, poplars, and other trees delighting in watery places, as theſe republicans do who build their apartments of them. Theſe citizens have the ſatisfaction, at the ſame time that they faſhion the wood, to nouriſh themſelves with it. In imitation of certain ſavages of the frozen ocean, they eat the bark. The ſavages, indeed, do not like it till it is dried, pounded, and proper-

ly dreſſed; whereas the beavers chew it and ſuck it when it is quite green. They lay up a proviſion of bark and tender twigs in ſeparate ſtorehouſes for every hut, proportionable to the number of its inhabitants. Every beaver knows his own ſtorehouſe, and not one of them pilfers his neighbour's. Each party lives in its own habitation, and is contented with it, though jealous of the property it has acquired in it by its labour. The proviſions of the community are collected and expended without diſſenſions. They are ſatisfied with that ſimple food which their labour prepares for them.

EPIGRAM.

Tranſlated from Hafiz, the Perſian Poet.

In ſhades of palm-trees, and beside a ſtream,
Hafiz the thoughtful, thus took up his theme;
And, as he ſat, melodiously he ſung,
And tun'd his harp with ſtrings of ſilver ſtrung:
Can the miſtakes of good intentions raiſe
The frowns of anger?—that to worth gave praiſe.
A ſilly ſort of affectation, ſure
A friendly muſe, in grief, could not procure!
Say then—ah, does it not impeach good ſenſe
To ſhew diſpleaſure where there's no offence?
But there are ſometimes wond'rous whims in life,
Which riſe to turn good nature into ſtrife!
Hence Care—in bowers of roſes I'll recline,
And quaff the ruby joys of ſparkling wine.
Or in the barge of pleaſure ſing of love,
Which rules on earth below, and heaven above.

Biographical ſketch of George Wythe.

George Wythe, the patriot, the philoſopher, the philanthropiſt, is dead! Few have more ſtrongly evinced the height of moral and intellectual excellence to which man is capable of aſcending. In the knowledge of law he was indeed profound! Under a preſſure of buſineſs at the bar before the revolution, which would have monopolized the attention of others, and unaſſiſted by perſonal tuition from others, (for except as a lawyer he was ſelf-taught) he acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages critically correct. Not only was the father of poetry his intimate companion, but the philoſophers, hiſtorians, and even dramatic poets of antiquity were as familiar to him in their original dreſs, as were almoſt all the meritorious works of the day in his vernacular tongue. The writer of this ſketch has heard him denominated emphatically "the walking library."

At a period of life, which in others would be deemed at leaſt the verge of old age, he applied to mathematics and natural philoſophy, both which ſublime ſubjects he purſued with an ardor and a depth ſeldom attained by a youthful ſtudent. When our rights were attacked by Great Britain, at the beginning of what, if unſucceſsful, would have been termed a rebellion, but which we now boaſt of as a glorious revolution, even at that time venerable for age, he was reſpected for talents and correctneſs of demeanor, he aſſumed the then military garb and accoutrements of the volun eers, whom the divine ſpirit of patriotic enthuſiaſm had impelled to convene in the ſacred cauſe of freedom.

The entreaties of the fond partner of his boſom could not retain him. He appeared before the ſoldiery, drawn up in military parade, on an alarm of the arrival of an inimical veſſel. An awful ſilence pervaded the ranks The ſpectators looked with admiration on him. At length the commanding officer, with ſurpriſe, enquired the cauſe of HIS appearing on the field thus accoutered! "I come, replied he, to offer my ſervices to my country, and to do what you ſhall command." With difficulty he was prevailed on to deſiſt from his deſign, under a perſuaſion that he could render more eſſential ſervice to his country in the civil department.

The voice of his country called him to a ſeat in that Congreſs which declared the independence of America. He was not long an inactive member of that body. Much of the weight of the moſt arduous buſineſs was ſupported by him. He was a member of the grand convention which formed the conſtitution of the United States as well as of the ſtate convention of Virginia, which ratified that inſtrument. The ſcrupulous devotion to juſtice, the ſtrength of reaſoning and depth of reſearch which he manifeſted as chancellor, are known to all. Great as he was in literature, in ſcience and in law, fully impreſſed that "knowledge without morals is in vain," his ſuperiority was more apparent in his conduct.

If to do no injury, but to do all poſſible good, is the ſummum bonum of morals, he reached it. Deeply informed in the various religions which exiſted in the world, his mind was liberal in the extreme to thoſe who might differ from him. He brought into actual practice the pureſt and moſt uſeful tenets of morality and religion. If nature gave to him irritability, reaſon rendered him in general one of the calmeſt, the mildeſt of men. The infantine heart is not leſs ſullied than that which beat in his boſom. Conſcious of the equality of other's rights, there was generally a humility about him ſeldom found amongſt thoſe who were inferior to him in underſtanding and in morals. Every moment not beneficially employed, in his eſtimation, was criminally loſt. He rejected with diſdain every thing like exceſs, in which he comprehended all thoſe things, not abſolutely uſeful. His extraordinary temperance preſerved or added to a ſtrength of conſtitution which brought him to his eightieth year, with few attacks of ſickneſs. To his country he gave his life excluſively for many years.

He had been bleſt with the pureſt and warmeſt affection in the conjugal union; when this was diſſolving, ſeparating the cords tore his mind; when they were broken, he bowed to the hand which had cut them; but did not fall. He who had not received from others, was liberal in communicating inſtruction. For ſome years the private tuition of youth was his favourite employment and amuſement. The illuſtrious Preſident of the United States with gratitude and affection, boaſts himſelf a pupil of this modern Socrates. Hundreds in America are gratified in acknowledging themſelves his diſciples From the Preſident many of the various officers in the general government abroad and at home, and in the ſtate government, owe to him their qualifications for diſcharging their duties. To him may be traced their conviction of the truth of the pure doctrines of republicaniſm. In politics, as in morals, he with undeviating ſtep purſued one courſe, and that the moſt correct. Was it wonderful then that not long before his death he ſhould exclaim, "let me die righteous!" Thus lived and thus died this illuſtrious man.

(Richmond Enquirer.)

There have been many attempts, particularly in the English language, to employ technical terms and alluſions in humorous poetry. Perhaps no one was ever happier than the following, addreſſed

To an IRONMONGER, *on his Birth Day.*

Oh, Lockman, may thy angel true,
Thy *chain* of life extend,
And add a thouſand *links* thereto;
So prays thy merry friend.

And may'ſt thou neitherruſt nor ſtain,
Nor canker ever feel;
With heart as ſoft as ſilken ſkein,
Thy ribs be ribs of *ſteel.*

Loud as a cannon through the land,
May thy good name reſound:
And the ſtrong *hammer* of thy hand
Thy enemies confound.

Aided by thee my verses flow,
Their tinkle owe to thee;
As iron sharp'neth iron, so
Thy friendship sharp'neth me.

Keen be thy sense, like *sword* that's try'd,
Thy wit, like point of prong,
Thy judgment, like a *saw* divide
The right side from the wrong.

Firm as an *anvil* may'st thou bear
The strokes of every clime;
And, like a harden'd *file*, still wear
The teeth of envious time.

Round in thyself, like polish'd ball,
Shine always smooth and bright;
When other ironmonger's fall
May'st thou stand *bolt* upright.

And when life's forge will work no more,
Fire gone, and metal cold,
Alchymist death, at touch, thy ore
Shall all transmute to gold.

While *ploughs* shall turn the fertile mould,
While *needles* seek the pole,
While fetters, *locks* and bars shall hold,
Thy love shall *nail* my soul.

Account of a perſon capable of reſiſting the ſtrongeſt powers of heat.

Paris has for ſome days witneſſed the wonderful exploits of a Spaniard in that City, who is endowed with qualities by which he reſiſts the action of very high degrees of heat, as well as the influence of the ſtrong chemical re-agents. Many hiſtories of the trials to which he has been ſubmitted before a commiſſion of the inſtitute and medical ſchool, have appeared in the public papers; but the public wait with impatience for the report to be made in the name of the commiſſion by profeſſor Pinel. A few of the more remarkable circumſtances are related by an eye-witneſs as follows.

The ſubject of theſe trials is a young man, a native of Toledo in Spain, twenty-three years of age, and free of any peculiarities which can announce any thing remarkable in the organization of the ſkin; after examination, one would be rather diſpoſed to conclude a peculiar ſoftneſs, than any harſhneſs or thickneſs of the cuticle exiſted, either naturally or from mechanical cauſes. Nor was there any circumſtance to indicate that the perſon had been previouſly rubbed with any matter capable of reſiſting the operation of the agents with which he was brought in contact.

This man bathed for the ſpace of ſix minutes, and without any injury either to his ſenſibility or the ſurface of the ſkin, his legs in oil heated at 97 degrees of Reaumer, (250 1-4 degrees of Fahrenheit;*) and with the ſame oil, at the ſame degree of heat, he waſhed his face and ſuperior extremities. He held for the ſame ſpace of time, and with as little inconvenience, his legs in a ſolution of muriate of ſoda, heated to to 102° of the ſame ſcale (261 1-2° of Fahr.) He ſtood on and rubbed the ſoles of his feet with a bar of iron heated to a white heat; in this ſtate he held the iron in his hands, and rubbed the ſurface of his tongue.

He gargled his mouth with concentrated ſulphuric and nitric acids, without the ſmalleſt injury or diſcolouration; the nitrous acid changed the cuticle to a yellow colour; with the acids in this ſtate, he rubbed his hands and arms. All theſe experiments were continued long enough to prove their inefficiency to produce any impreſſion.—It is ſaid on unqueſtionable authority, that he remained a conſiderable time in an oven heated to 65 or 70°, (178—189 Fahr.) and from which he was with difficulty induced to retire, ſo comfortable did he feel that high temperature.

It may be proper to remark, that this man ſeems totally uninfluenced by any motive to miſlead, and, it is ſaid, he has refuſed flattering offers from ſome religious ſectaries of turning to emolument his ſingular qualities; yet on the whole it ſeems to be the opinion of moſt philoſophical men, that this perſon muſt poſſeſs ſome matter, which counteracts the operation of theſe agents. To ſuppoſe that nature has organized him differently, would but be unphiloſophic: by habit he might have blunted his ſenſibility againſt thoſe impreſſions that create pain under ordinary circumſtances; but how to explain the power by which he reſiſts the action of thoſe agents which are known to have the ſtrongeſt affinity for animal matter, is a circumſtance difficult to comprehend. It has not failed however to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and the enquiry of the learned at Paris.

[*Monthly Mag. Sept.* 1803.]

"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro?"

This touching queſtion of Job, came with all its force into my mind, as I was yeſterday ſauntering through the mall, and what can be more pathetic? A very old man was leaning upon his ſtaff, as if weary. I aſked him why, inſtead of ſtanding in the ſun, he did not ſit beneath one of the elms. He raiſed his countenance to anſwer me: it was penſive but not gloomy; a faint, melancholy ſmile gleamed from his eye, and gave his features the expreſſion of tranquil reſignation. He told me that the ſhade recalled his ſorrows; I am, ſaid he, alone—but why do I complain? I deſerved nothing. I have loſt all.—Feeling an intereſt in the man, I aſked him what calamities had ſtripped him to poverty. He began to collect his thoughts, and without a ſingle word of complaint, related the events of his life. He had lived ſeventy years, and ſcarcely a day ever paſſed without bringing ſome new misfortune. His voice, while he was ſpeaking, was, for the moſt part, calm and even; but when he told me of the death of his wife and only daughter, his utterance was choaked. His limbs are now palſied, his eyes are dim, his ears are thick. But though his ſenſes are leaving him, he is not querulous; his God, he knows, is love. Surely there is another ſtate. Who does not acknowledge, that unrepining patience deſerves a reward higher than earth can give? There is indeed a world where ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away, where tears ſhall be turned into joy.

[*Anthology.*]

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* The heat of boiling water is 212° of Fahrenheit.

ANECDOTE.

A number of ladies and gentlemen met to ſpend a ſocial evening. Soon after, apples were handed about. A gentleman taking the ſeed of an apple, ſnapped it at a lady the oppoſite ſide of the room, which the lady obſerving, returned another, which ſtruck him on the forehead. The gentleman, ſomewhat mortified by miſſing his aim, aſked her, "Why dare you contend with me?"—"Becauſe," replied the lady, "we are promiſed that the ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head."

COMETS.

In a ridiculous pamphlet, publiſhed in 1759, the author of it, in mentioning the comet which appeared that year, ſays—"that this grand phenomenon has appeared three different times, each on ſome joyful occaſion. That, in 1607, Kepler obſerved it at Prague, when it performed the office of a bonfire at the birth of a Prince.—That, in 1682, when Caſſina obſerved it in France, it was equally loyal, on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. In 1759, this jovial traveller made his appearance in England amidſt the preparations for keep-

ing the birth-day of the Prince of Wales, (his present Majesty) in a manner suitable to the grandeur of a free people." From which we are led to conjecture, that, after the various theories of comets, which have been started, these courtly phenomena are no other than certain *celestial fire-works*, complaisantly played off *above* on these joyful occasions *below*.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*London.*—The American intercourse bill, after receiving a strong opposition in every stage of its progress, has passed both houses of the British Parliament. This bill allows the governors of British colonies to open their ports to American vessels, whenever they shall think proper.

Saint John's, July 1.—General Miranda has again sailed for the Spanish Main, after having increased his strength at Barbadoes, and received considerable assistance from the British government. We are happy to learn that he is not without hopes of co-operation from some of the inhabitants of the eastern part of Carracas, where his partizans, under the command of one Ferdinand and Mendes Pinto, were some time since collecting in great numbers, in order to support him immediately upon his appearing off the coast.

Gibraltar, May 24.—The following particulars of a most brilliant achievement performed by his majesty's frigate Sirius, Capt. Prowse, on the coast of Italy, have been received from an officer on board the frigate and may be depended upon. We publish them without comments; no praise can heighten the merit which the bare unadorned account bespeaks in the gallant commander and his brave crew.

H. M. S. Sirius, April 26, 1806.

"On Thursday, April 17, we gained information from a vessel we boarded at sea, that a French national squadron, consisting of one ship, three brigs, one bombarde and five heavy gun vessels, had sailed that morning from Civita-Vechia for Naples. We immediately made all sail in chase of them, and, at four o'clock, had the pleasure of seeing them from our mast head, and cleared ship for action; at 6 o'clock, saw them very plain from our deck, under easy sail, and apparently determined to wait our attack; at half past six they hove to, and at seven we commenced action on both sides within pistol shot; at 8, observed several of the enemy's vessels much damaged, and running in for the land, we still in close action with the ship and three brigs; at a quarter past 9, the ship ceased firing, and hailed us to say she had struck. I am sorry that we could not take possession of some other vessels, the night being very dark, and our ship very much crippled and close to the land. However, we have given them something to remember us. The ship is la Bergere, and now with us at Malta. They mounted in the whole 93 guns, and 661 men, which you will see by the list of them I send you. I can assure you we found enough to do with the whole of them; for the water was so smooth that all their guns told; and for a frigate, like the Sirius, of 36 guns, and only 260 men, to have 93 guns, and 661 men against her, it was serious indeed. Captain Prowse has lost his nephew Mr. Adair, a very fine young man; his brother was killed on board the Victory with Lord Nelson; he was captain of the marines. I am sorry to say that we had 9 killed and 20 wounded; the enemy had 50 killed and wounded.

DOMESTIC.

Extract of a letter from Little Exuma Salt Pond, 3d July, 1806.

"There is about one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of great grained salt, of a superior quality to any that has been formerly raked at the Great and Bush Pond; and the great Pond is now fit to rake in many places, so that the quantity of salt raked this season at Exuma, will be more than the demand the Americans will require, which has not been the case formerly.

Mr. Adam Ault, of Hanover, Pennsylvania, has made a clock which plays 12 tunes every quarter on the plan of a hand organ. He has made two very handsome chamber organs, and is now making an organ to be a part of the Piano Forte, which can be played separate or double.

On Sunday last a meeting was held in the Meeting-house belonging to the Society of Friends, in the Borough of Lancaster, in which a pathetic and animated Sermon was delivered by SARAH CRESSON, of Philadelphia, an approved Minister of that Society, travelling through Maryland and Pennsylvania. Her apology for breaking the silence in which this people profess to worship GOD, was highly interesting, and evidently engaged the attention of the audience.—In her discourse, she adduced strong evidence of the being, the wisdom, and goodness of GOD from the Creation around us, and from the feelings and tendencies of the human mind; and thence inferred the duty of worship to him. She pointed out the excellency of the Christian Religion, as promoting cheerfulness of mind, and the highest enjoyment, which, as rational beings, we are capable of in this world; as our best support in affliction; as opening to mankind the glorious prospect of immortality, and pointing to an union with GOD, which, by a due regard to His holy precepts, is attainable even in this world; and as leading to the consummation of this union hereafter; in which consisted all that the human soul is capable of enjoying.

Her prayer was meek and dignified.—That all might be induced to adopt the means by which this happy union may finally be obtained—and closed the meeting with a solemnity becoming a Christian meeting for worship.

This is the first meeting of Friends that has been held in that Borough for several years past.

[*Matthews' Lancaster paper.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The weight of a *remarkably large Heifer*, turned of five years old, raised and fed by William West of Upper Darby Township, Delaware County, the beef of which was sold in the Philadelphia market, in the third month, 1806, from the stall of John Barney, Butcher, near the upper end of the Old Market.

[*Communicated to the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture.*]

Her live weight in the turnpike scales, lb.		2135
Her beef weight,		1303½
Her rough tallow, according to the certificate of Joseph Fearon, tallow-chandler, as received by him from John Barney, the butcher, lb.	201	
To which add fat taken off before the beef was weighed,	4½	
		205½
Hide,		135

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 19th to the 26th July. Adults. 22—Children 35—Total 57.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If the production of ANTI-LOUNGER would have any influence on our readers, we apprehend its effects would be different from what was designed by the author. To exclaim against a vicious custom not yet introduced into our country, would be the most likely means to promote its introduction.

LUCRETIA's poetry wants some revision before it can be admitted into the Fire-side.

SCRIPTORIAN had better read a little farther in the scriptures, and if they will not satisfy him with regard to the lost tribes of Israel, he must then take up Rollin's Ancient History.

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